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Received May, 1873.

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THE Tragedie of King Richard the second.

As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

By William Shake-speare.

LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel.
1598.

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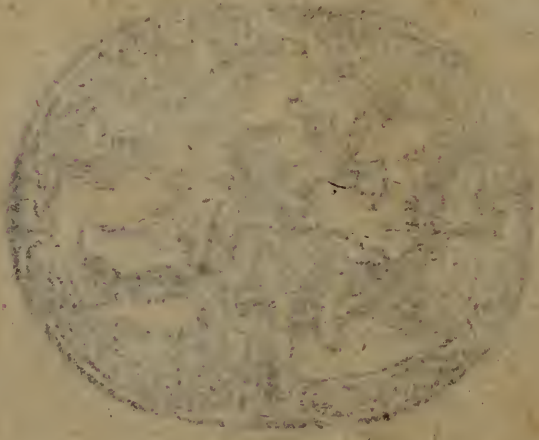
May. 1873



LONDON

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gant, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLde Iohn of Gaunt time honored Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy othe and bande
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeale
Which then our leiſure would not let vs heare
Againſt the Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King Tel me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt As neare as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

King Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare,
The accuſer and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
Hie ſtomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy daies befall
My gratious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.

Mowb. Each day ſtil better others happineſſe,
Vntil the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As wel appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon:
Coosin of Hereford what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting wel: for what I ſpeake
My body ſhal make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and criſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitours name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hotte that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and naught at al to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd,
Theſe tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat:
Setting aſide his high blouds royaltie,
And let him bee no kinſman to my Leige,

I do defie him, and spit at him,
Cal him a slaunderous coward and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer English man durst sette his foote,
Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kinred of a King,
And lay aside my high blouds royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elsse,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laide my knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree,
O chiualrous designe of knightly triall,
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Cosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I sayd my life shal prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand nobles,
In name of Lendings for your highnesse souldiours,
The which hee hath detainde for lewd imployments,
Like a false traitour and iniurious villaine,
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was surueyed by English eie,
That all the treasons for these eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this land:
Fetcht from false Mowbray their first head and spring:

Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tongueless Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Norfolke what saist thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.

King. Mowbray, impartial are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by sceptors awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and feareless I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bollingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest,
Three parts of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours,
The other part reseru'de I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne dutie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vexe my grecued soule:
Ah but ere I last receiu'de the sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To prooue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloude chamberd in his bosome,
In haste whereof most heartily I pray,
Your highnesse to assigne our trial day.

King. VVrath kindled gentleman bee ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This wee prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and bee agreed,
Our Doctors say this is no month to bleede:
Good Vnckle let this end where it begunne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke throw downe wee bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud

Which

Which breathde this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood,
Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots, take but my ſhame
And I reſigne my gage my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay,
A Iewell in a tenne times bard vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coſin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.
Bul. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my height,
Before this out-darde daſtard ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare,
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to commaund,
Which ſince wee cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie as your life ſhall anſwere it,
At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day,
There ſhall your ſwords and launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate,
Since wee cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie:
Lord Marſhall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home alarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Ducheſſe of Gloceſter.

Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodſtocks bloud,
Doth more ſollicite me then your exclaimes,

To

To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life,
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the wil of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Ducheſſe Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes wherof thy ſelfe art one,
Were as ſeuen viols of his ſacred bloud,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dried by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life, my Gloceſter,
One viol ful of Edwards ſacred bloud,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royall roote
Is crackt, and al the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaues al faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloudy axe.
Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettal, that ſelfe mould, that faſhioned thee
Made him a man: and though thou liueſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him, thou doeſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy fathers life,
Call it not patience Gaunt, it is diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughtred,
Thou ſheweſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhal I ſay? to ſafegard thy own life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloceſters death.

Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death, the which, if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

An angrie arme against his minister.
Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence.
Duch. Why then I will: Farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, there to beholde
Our Cosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight,
O set my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast:
Or if misfortune misse the first carier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiue recreant to my Cosin Herford:
Farewel old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell I must to Couentrie,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.
Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where it fals,
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all: do not so quickly goe:
I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With al good speede at Plashie visit me,
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones,
And what heare there for welcome but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow that dwels euery where,
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harford ariде?
Aum. Yea at al points, [illegible]

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke ſprightfully and bold,
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and ſtay
For nothing but his maieſties approach.

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his nobles: when they are ſet, enter the duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.

King. Marſhall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings ſay who thou art,
And why thou commeſt thus knightly clad in armes,
Againſt what man thou comſt, and what's thy quarrel,
Speake truely on thy knighthood, and thy oth,
As ſo defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth
To God, my king, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my ſelfe,
A traitour to my God, my king, and me,
And as I truely fight defend me heauen.

The Trumpets ſound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour.

King. Marſhall aske yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why hee commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our law,
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherfore comſt thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall liſts,
Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, ſo defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie
Am I, who readie here do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Martiall and ſuch officers
Appoynted to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kiſſe my ſoueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For Mowbray and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. Wee will deſcend and fold him in our armes,
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewel my bloud, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.
Bul. O let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes ſpeare:
As confident as is the falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble cooſin) Lord Aumarle,
Not ſicke although I haue to doo with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath,
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweete.
Oh thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach at Victorie aboue my head,

Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my launces poynt,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy aduerse pernitious enemie,
Rouse vp thy youthful bloud, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyal, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace,
His golden vncontroled enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate,
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,
Most mightie Leige, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to iest
Go I to fight, trueth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewel (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eye,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,
A traitour to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Herald. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk,

On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his ſoueraigne, and to him diſloyal,
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to beginne,
Mart. Sound trumpets, and ſet forth Combatants
Stay, the king hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpeares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our counſel we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoild
With that deere bloud which it hath foſtered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuil wounds plowd vp with neighbours ſword,
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of ſkie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating enuy ſet on you
To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
Drawes the ſweete infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzde vp with boiſtrous vntunde drumme
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kinreds bloud.
Therfore we baniſh you our territories:
You couſin Hereford vpon paine of life,
Til twice fiue ſummers haue enricht our field
Shal not regreete our faire dominions
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.
Bul. Your wil be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you here lent
Shal point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
King Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,

Which

Which I with ſome vnwillingnes pronounce.
The ſlie ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limite of thy deere exile,
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breathe I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.

Mowb. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highneſſe mouth,
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnt theſe forty yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you haue engaold my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a nurſe,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupil now,
What is thy ſentence but ſpeechleſſe death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath.

King It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence playning comes too late,

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.

King. Returne againe and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that y'owe to God
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues,)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhal, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

This

This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. and I, to keepe al this.
Bul. Norffolke, ſo fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land,
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou haſt far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie ſoule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen baniſht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too ſoone (I feare) the king ſhal rew:
Farewel (my Leige) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue back to England al the world's my way.
King Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bull. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton ſprings,
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my leige, that in regard of me,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile,
But little vantage ſhal I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shal be extinct with age and endleſſe nights,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.

King. Why Vnckle thou haſt many yeeres to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue,
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy ſonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweete to taſte, proue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrge me as a iudge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father,
Oh had't beene a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would haue beene more milde:
A partial ſlaunder ought I to avoyde,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroyde:
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſen farewel, and Vnckle, bid him ſo,
Sixe yeres we baniſh him and he ſhal go.
Au. Coſin farewel, what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhew.
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As far as land wil let me by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doeſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſixe winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.

Bul. My heart wil ſigh when I miſcal it ſo,
Which findes it an inforſed pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps,
Eſteeme a foyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewel of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue,
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?
Gaunt. Al places that the eie of heauen viſits,
Are to a wiſeman portes and happy hauens:
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie,
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee,
But thou the king. Woe doeth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightful meaſure or a dance,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mocks at it and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rankle more,
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaun. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewel, sweete soile adiew
My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,
Where ere I wander boast of this I can,
Though banisht, yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the Lord Aumarle at the other.

King We did obserue. Cosin Aumarle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum I brought high Herford, if you cal him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him,

King And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awakt the sleeping rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum Farewel; & for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:
Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewels:
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King He is our Cosens Cosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends.
Our selfe and Bushie,
Obserued his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familier courtesie,
With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

Wooing poore craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſterwench,
A brace of draymen bid God ſpeede him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my countrey men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And hee our ſubiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts,
Now for the rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made my liege,
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. VVe will our ſelfe in perſon to this war,
And for our coffers with too great a court
And liberall larges are growne ſomewhat light,
Wee are inforſt to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof ſhall furniſh vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blanke charters,
VVhereto when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we wil make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte,
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſit him.

King. VVhere lies he?

Buſh. At Ely houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coates
To decke our Souldiours for theſe Iriſh wars:
Come Gentlemen, lets all go viſit him,
Pray God we may make haſte and come too late,
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the king come that I may breathe my laſt,
In holſome counſel to his vnſtaied youth?

Yorke. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtriue not with your breath,
For al in vaine comes counſel to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie;
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in paine:
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Than they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſike at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ, in remembrance more then things long paſt,
Though Richard my liues counſel would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As praiſes of whoſe ſtate the wiſe are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies liſten,
Report of faſhions in proude Italie,
Whoſe manners ſtil our tardie apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe immitation:
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then al too late comes Counſel to bee heard,
Where wil doth mutinie with wits regard:
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe wil chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gaunt. Me thinks I am a prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Smal ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes,

With eager feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradice,
This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone sette in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
This blessed plotte, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deedes as far from home,
For christian seruice and true chiualrie.
As is the sepulchre in stubburne Iewry,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deere soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happie then were my ensuing death?

Yorke The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For yong hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt O how that name befits my composition,
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being old,
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breedes leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein faſting haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

King. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt No miſerie makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe,
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?

Gaunt No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that die.

King Thou now a dying ſayſt thou flattereſt me.

Gaunt Oh no, thou dieſt though I the ſicker bee.

King I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt Now he that made me knowes I ſee thee ill,
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too careleſſe pacient as thou art,
Commitſt thy annoynted body to the cure
Of thoſe Phiſitions that firſt wounded thee,
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet inraged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue layde thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe:
Why Coſin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of law is bondslaue to the law
And thou.

King. A lunatick leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royal bloud
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my seates right royal maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt Oh spare me not my brother Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne.
That bloud already like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst.
My brother Gloceſter, plaine well meaning soule
Whom faire befal in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectst not spilling Edwards bloud:
Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower,
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King And let them die that age and sullens haue
For both hast thou, and both become thee graue.

Yorke. I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words
To wayward sicklines and age in him,
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere
As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.

King Right, you say true, as Herefords loue, so his,
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is,

North.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Ma-
King What saies he? (iestie
North. Nay nothing, al is said:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and al, old Lancaster hath spent.
Yorke Be Yorke the next that must be bankrout so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortal wo.
King The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he)
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rugheaded kerne,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affaires do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we doe seaze to vs,
The plate, coyne, reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did stand possest.
Yorke How long shall I be patient? ah how long
Shal tender duetie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herefords banishment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his mariage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bende one wrinckle on my soueraignes face:
I am the last of the noble Edwards sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first.
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde
Then was that yong and princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the french,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kinred bloud,
But bloudy with the enemies of his kinne.

Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King Why Vncle whats the matter?
Yorke Oh my leige, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not I pleaſd not to be pardoned, am content withal,
Seeke you to ſeaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rightes of baniſht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iuſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heire a wel deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herefords rights away, and take from time
His charters and his coſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to daie:
Be not thy ſelfe, For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſsion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeaze Herfords right,
Cal in the letters pattents that he hath
By his atournies general to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and alegeance cannot thinke.
King Thinke what you wil, we ceaze into our hands
His plate, his goods, his mony and his lands.
Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewel,
What wil inſue hereof ther's none can tel:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood
That their euents can neuer fall out good, *Exit.*
King Go Buſhie to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Eli houſe,
To ſee this buſines: to morrow next,
We wil for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vncle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt and alwayes loued vs well;

Come on our Queene, to morrow must wee part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene : Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Rosse And liuing too for now his sonne is Duke.
Will. Barely in title not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both if iustice had her right.
Rosse My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
Ert be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme, (ford?
Will. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the D. of Her-
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Rosse No good at all that I can doe for him.
Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The king is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute,
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Rosse The commons hath hee pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he find
For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deuisde,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what,
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Willo. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble auncestors atchiude with blowes,
More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.
Rosse The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.
Willo. The King growne bankerout like a broken man.

North. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth ouer him,
Roſſe He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſht Duke.
North. His noble kinſman moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this feareful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoyd the ſtorme,
Wee ſee the winde ſitte ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet wee ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſſe We ſee the verie wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
North. Not ſo, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I eſpie life peering, but I dare not ſay,
How neare the tydings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts as thou doſt ours.
Roſſe Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
Wee three are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittanie receiude intelligence,
That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, ſir Iohn Ramſton,
Sir Iohn Norbery, ſir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All theſe well furniſhed by the Duke of Brittaine
With eight tall ſhippes, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland,
If then wee ſhall ſhake off our countries ſlauiſh yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broking Pawne the blemiſht Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepters guilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſt to Rauenſpurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twentie shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your lords departure weep not, more is not seen
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

Bushie Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Ladie.)
Queene. Tis nothing lesse, conceit is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameless woe I wot.
Greene God saue your maiestie, and wel met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.
Queene Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath sette footing in this land,
The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene Ah Madam tis too true, and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne H. Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Bushie Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, traitours?
Greene We haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And al the houshold seruāts fled with him to Bullingbrook
Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire,
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.
Bushie Dispaire not Madam.
Queene Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmity,
With cousening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false Hope lingers in extremitie.
Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke,
Queene. With signes of war about his aged necke,
Oh full of careful businesse are his lookes,
Vncle for Gods sake speake comfortable words.
Yorke Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and wee are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your husband he is gone to saue far off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home,
Here am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall hee trie his friends that flatterd him.
Seruingman My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.
Yorke He was, why so go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Glocester,
Bid her send mee presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.
Seruingman. My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship,
To day I came by and called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.
Yorke What is't knaue?
Seruingman An houre before I came the Duchesse died.
Yorke God for his mercie, what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woefull land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cutte off my head with my brothers.
What are there two posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, cosin I would say, pray pardon mee,
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some Carts,
And bring away the armour that is there,
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me: both are my kinsmen,
Tone is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend, tother againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Wel, somewhat wee must doo: come Cosin
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euerie thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke Qu. man. Bush. Green.

Bush. The wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie is all vnpossible.

Greene Besides our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do wee,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.

Greene Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like curs to teare vs all in pieces:
Wil you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I wil to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewel if hearts presages bee not vaine,
We three here part that nere shal meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat back Bullingbrook.

Gree. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie,
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Bush.

Bushie Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?
North. Beleeue mee noble Lord,
I am a straunger in Glocestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall wil be found,
In Rosse and Willoughby wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath verie much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauaile:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my companie,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persy.

North. It is my sonne yong Harry Persy,
Sent from my Brother Worcester whencesoeuer.
Harry how fares your Vnckle? (of you.
H.Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health
North. Why is he not with the Queene?
H.Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersst
The household of the King.
North. What was his reason? he was not so resolude
When last we spake together.
H.Per. Becausse your Lordship was proclaimed traitour,
But he my Lord is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy?
H. Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. Per. My gracious Lo: I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shal ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle Persy, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shalbe stil thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it,
North. How far is it to Barkly, and what stur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?
H. Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkly and Seymor,
None else of name and noble estimate.
Nort. Here come the Lords of Rosse and V Villoughby,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues,
A banisht traitour: al my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.
Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.
Wil. And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I gueste:
Barkly My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my answere is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Bar. Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lo. I come, what Lo: you will,
From the most glorious of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self borne armes?
Bul. I shal not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person: my noble Vnckle.
Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duetie is deceiueable and false.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle.
Yor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngratious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,
Darde once to touch a dust of Englands ground?
But more than why? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Frighting her pale fac't villadges with war,
And ostentation of despised armes?
Comst thou because the annointed king is hence?
Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loial bosome lies his power,
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe,
Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men.
From forth the rankes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine
Now prisoner to the Palsie chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
Yorke Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion and detested treason,
Thou art a banisht man and here art come,

Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for me thinks in you
I see old Gaunt alriue. Oh then father,
Wil you permit that I shal stand condemnd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vnckle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distraind and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a subiect,
And I challenge law, Attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath beene too much abused.
Rosse It stands your grace vpon to doo him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And labored al I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cutte out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels al.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But for his owne, and for the right of that
We al haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer ſee ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke Wel, wel, I ſee the iſſue of theſe armes,
I cannot mend it: I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you al, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the ſoueraigne mercy of the King;
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter, ſo fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.
Bul. An offer vnckle that we wil accept,
But wee muſt winne your Grace to go with vs
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By Buſhie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the common-wealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loath to breake our Countries lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of Salisburie we haue ſtaied ten daies,
And hardly kept our countreymen togither,
And yet we heare no tydings from the King,
Therefore wee wil diſperſe our ſelues, farewell.
Saliſ. Stay yet another day thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth al his confidence in thee.
Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not ſtay,
The bay trees in our countrey all are witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heauen,
The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whiſper fearefull change,
Rich men looke ſadde, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to looſe what they enioy,

The other to enioy by rage and war,
These signes forerunne the death of Kings,
Farewel, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As wel assured Richard their King is dead,

Salisb. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe, and vnrest,
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crosly to thy good al fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene I will not vexe your soules:
Since presently your soules must part your bodyes,
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For twere no charity; yet to wash your bloud
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happie Gentleman in bloud and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinful houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And stainde the beautie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neare to the King in bloud, and neare in loue,
Til they did make him misinterpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh't my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fed vpon my seignories,
Disparkt my parks, and felld my forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my houshold coate,
Rac't out my impreese, leauing me no signe,

Saue

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing bloud,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This and much more, much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushie More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.

Greene My comfort is, that heauen wil take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland see them dispatcht:
Vnckle you say the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe,
Deare earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauour with my royal hands;
Feede not thy soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy gated toades lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelde

Yeelde ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſome pluck a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch,
Throw death vpon thy ſoueraignes enemies:
Mock not my ſenceles coniuration Lords,
This earth ſhal haue a feeling and theſe ſtones
Prooue armed ſouldiers ere her natiue King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpight of al,
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we wil not, heauens offer, we refuſe
The profered meanes of ſuccors and redreſſe.

Aum He meanes my Lo: that we are too remiſſe
Whilſt Bullingbrooke through our ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.

King Diſcomfortable Cooſen, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnſeene,
In murthers and in outrage bloudy here,
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the eaſterne pines,
And dartes his light through euery guilty hole
Then murthers, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloak of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues?
So when this thiefe, this traitour Bullingbrooke
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the eaſt
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not al the water in the rough rude ſea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annointed King,

The breath of worldly men cannot depose,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
To lift shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fal, for heauen stil gardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
Salisb. Nor nere nor farther off my gracious Lo.
Than this weake arme; Discomforte guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded al thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
Aud thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,
To day, to dav, vnhappie day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes frindes, fortune and thy state,
For al the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, dispersst and fled.
Aum Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.
King But now the bloud of 20000. men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And til so much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that wilbe safe, flie from my side,
For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.
Aum Comfort my liege remember who you are.
King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiesty thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who coms here?

Enter Scroope.

Scr. More health and happines betide my liege,

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,
Say, is my Kingdome lost? why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as wee,
Greater he shal not be, if he serue God,
Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so:
Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mend,
They breake their fayth to God as wel as vs:
Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death wil haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so armde,
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which makes the siluer Riuers drowne their shores.
As if the world were al dissolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land,
With hard bright steele, and hearts harder then steele,
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps
Against thy maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes against thy Crowne,
Thy very beadsmen learne to bend theyr bowes,
Of double fatal ewe against thy state,
Yea distaffe women manage rustie billes,
Against thy seate both yong and old rebel,
And al goes worse then I haue power to tell.
King Too wel, too wel thou telst a tale so ill,
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps,
If we preuaile, their heades shal pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord,
King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs eaſily woonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that ſting my heart;
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then Iudas,
Would they make peace, terrible hell,
Make war vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this.
Scro. Sweete loue I ſee changing, his property
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadly hate,
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying wound,
And lie ful low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Buſhie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead
Scro. Ye al of them at Briſtow loſt their heades,
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake:
Lets talke of graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write ſorow on the boſome of the earth.
Lets chooſe executors and talke of wils:
And yet not ſo, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and al are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we cal our owne, but death,
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerues as paſte and couer to our bones,
For Gods ſake lette vs ſit vpon the ground,
And tel ſadde ſtories of the death of Kings,
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſome ſlaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghoſts they haue depoſed,
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſome ſleeping kild,
Al murthered, for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortal temples of a King
Keepes death his court, and there the antique ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little ſceane,
To monarchiſe, be feard, and kil with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this fleſh which walles about our life,

Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King,
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me al this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, neede friendes, subiected thus,
How can you say to me I am a King?

Carleil. My Lord, wisemen nere sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and bee slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and dye, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King Thou chidst me wel, proude Bullingbrook, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fitte of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie tacke it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be sower,

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dul and heauie eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast said inough:
Beshrew thee cosin which didst leade me foorth

Of that ſweete way I was in to diſpaire,
What ſay you now? what comfort haue we nowe?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more:
Go to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King Woes ſlaue ſhal kingly Woo obey:
That power I haue, diſcharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I haue none, let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſel is but vaine.

Aum. My Leige, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſperſt, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends vpon this coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland
To ſay King Richard; alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes, onely to be briefe
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue bin ſo briefe
He would haue beene ſo briefe to ſhorten you, (with him,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heades length.

Bull. Miſtake not (Vnckle) further then you ſhould.

Yorke Take not (good Cooſin) further then you ſhould,
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are ouer our heads,

Bul. I know it Vncle, and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their wil. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome Harry: what, wil not this Caſtle yeeld?

H. Percie The Caſtle is royally mand my Lord
Againſt thy entrance,

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a clergie man
Of holy Reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of Carleil.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that auncient Caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer,
H. Bull on both his knees doth kiſſe king Richards hand,
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted,
If not, Ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowers of bloud,
Rainde from the wounds of ſlaughtered Engliſhmen,
The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderly ſhall ſhew:
Go ſignifie as much while here wee march
Vpon the graſsie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
That from this Caſtles tottered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be wel peruſde.
Me thinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terror then the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering ſmoke,
At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water,
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne.
My water's on the earth, and not on him,
March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portal of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke Yet looke he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King We are amazde, and thus long haue we stoode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King:
And if we be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their aweful duetie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismitt vs from our Stewardship;
For wel we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that al as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war:
But ere the crowne he lookes for liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloudy crownes of mothers sonnes
Shal ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,

To ſcarlet indignation and bedew,
Her paſtors graſſe with faithful Engliſh bloud.
North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king,
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuil armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royal grandſires bones,
And by the royalties of both your blouds
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing al that may be ſworne or ſayd,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royal partie graunted once,
His glitterimg armes hee will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſeruice of your Maieſty.
This ſweares hee, as hee is princeſſe iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.
King Northumberland, ſay thus the King returnes,
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And al the number of his faire demaundes
Shal be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
King We do debaſe our ſelues Cooſin, do we not?
To looke ſo poorely and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shal we cal backe Northumberland and ſend
Defiance to the traitor and ſo die.
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and ſtiends their helpful ſwords,
King Oh God, oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laide the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

As is my griefe, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swellſt thou (proud heart) Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes haue ſcope to beate both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bullingbrooke.

King What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhal do it: muſt he be depoſde?
The king ſhal be contented: muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous pallas for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almeſmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a diſh of wood:
My ſcepter for a Palmers walking ſtaffe:
My ſubiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a litle graue,
A little little graue, an obſcure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kingshie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their ſoueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepſt (my tender-hearted cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighs and they ſhal lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhal we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome prety match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Til they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies
Two kinſmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do wel? wel well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at me.
Moſt mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What ſaies king Bullingbrooke, wil his maieſtie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,

You make a leg and Bullingbrooke saies I,
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnruly iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings growe base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shriek where mounting larkes should sing.
Bull. What saies his maiestie?
North. Sorrowe and griefe of hart,
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantike man,
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand al apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord,
King. faire cosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp cosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and al.
Bull. So far be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Wel you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosen I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be heyre,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord:
King. Then I must not say no.
Enter the Queene with her attendants
Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,

To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady Madam weele play at bowles.
Queene Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady Madam weele daunce.
Queene My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.
Lady Madam weele tel tales.
Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady Madam ile sing.
Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please mee better wouldst thou weepe.
Lady I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.
Que. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee. *Enter Gardiners.*
But stay, here commeth the gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines,
They wil talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is forerunne with woe.
Gard. Go bind thou vp yon dangling Aprikocks,
Which like vnrulie children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight,
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heades of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our common wealth.
All must be euen in our gouernement
You thus imployd, I will go roote away

The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.
Man. Why should wee in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her faireſt flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her holsome hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fal of leafe:
The weedes that his broade spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull King,
Oh what pittie it is that he had not so trimde
And dreſt his land as wee this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Leſt being ouer-proud with sappe and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruits of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, him selfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the king shall be depoſed?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depoſde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorks
That tell black tydings.
Quee. Oh I am preſt to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adams likeneſſe set to dreſſe this garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tong sound this vnpleasing newes?
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fal of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?
Darst thou thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? say, where, when and how
Camst thou by this il tidings? speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie holde
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are al the English peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe;
Post you to London, and you wil find it so,
I speake no more then euery one doth know.

Queene Nimble Mischance that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my brest: come Ladies, go
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadde looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling mee these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore Queen so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skil were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a banke of Rew sowre hearbe of grace,
Rew euen for ruth here shortly shal be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt*

Bull. Call forth Bagot, *Enter Bagot.* *Enter Bull. with the Lords to Parliament.*
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou doest know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde

The bloudy office of his timeleſſe end.
Bagot Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Cooſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered,
In that dead time when Gloceſters death was plotted
I heard you ſay, is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh court
As far as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongſt much other talke that very time
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your Cooſins death.
Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What anſwere ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtars
On equall termes to giue my chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honour ſoild
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lippes,
There is my gage, the manual ſeale of death,
That markes thee out for hell, thou lieſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayde is falſe
In thy heart bloud, though being al too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly ſword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In al this preſence that hath mooude me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valure ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that faire Sunne that ſhewes me where thou ſtandſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpakſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloceſters death,
If thou denieſt it twentie times, thou lieſt,
And I wil turne thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou darſt not (coward) liue I to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my ſoule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters thou art damnd to hell for this.

L.Per. Aumerle, thou lieſt, his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all vnjuſt,
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull ſteele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forſworn Aumerle)
And ſpit thee on with ful as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From ſinne to ſinne: there is my honors pawne
Ingage it to the triall if thou darſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwere twentie thouſand ſuch as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember wel
The very time Aumerle and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me this is true.

Sur. As falſe by heauen, as heauen it ſelfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie thou lieſt.

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that lie ſhal lie ſo heauy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and reuenge,
Til thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy fathers ſcull.
In proofe whereof there is mine honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryal if thou darſt.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a wilderneſſe,
And ſpitte vpon him whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is the bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heard the banished Norfolke ſay,

That

That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke of Callice.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.
Bull. these differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shalbe,
And though mine enemie, restord againe
To al his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day shal neuer be seene,
Many a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes and Saracens,
And toild with workes of war, retird himselfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to a pleasant Countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.
Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As sure as I liue my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til we assigne you to your daies of trial. *Enter Yorke.*
Yorke Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
Adopts thee heire, and his high scepter yeelds,
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne,
Car. Mary God forbid.
Worst in this royal presence I may speake,
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth,
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge

Of noble Richard. Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong,
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits not here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but theyare by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them,
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſty,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares
Be iugd by ſubiect and inferiour breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo heinous blacke obſcene a deed,
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me propheſie,
The bloud of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall go ſleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars,
Shal kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shal heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens ſculs.
Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt this houſe,
It wil the wofulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fel vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, childs children crie againſt you wo,

North. Wel haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capital treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely til his day of triall.

Bull. Let it be ſo, and loe on wedneſday next,
We ſolemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*

Manet West Carleil, Aumerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. My Lo. before I freely speake my mind herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are ful of discontent,
Your hart of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merrie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Quee. This way the King wil come, this is the way,
To Iulius Cæsars ill erected Tower,
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord,
Is doomde a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke,
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. *(Enter Ric.*
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dewe,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beateous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happie dreame,
From which awakt, the trueth of what we are
Shews vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweet)
To grim necessitie, and he and I,
Will keepe a league til death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And closster thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
Which our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Quee.

Queene What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformd and weakened? hath Bullingbrooke
Deposde thine intellect? hath hee beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To bee ore-power'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts?

King A King of beasts indeede, if aught but beasts
I had beene still a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes *Queene*) prepare thee hence for France,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takest
As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue,
In winters tedious nights sitte by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tel thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senselesse brands will sympathie
The heauie accent of thy moouing tong,
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull king. *Enter Northum.*

North. My Lord the mind of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower,
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all swift speede you must away to France.

King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke
Though hee diuide the Realme and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all.
He shall thinke that thou which knowst the way
To plant vnrightfull kings wilt know againe,

Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate, and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.
My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.
King Doubly diuorst, (badde men) you violate
A twofold marriage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my maried wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and mee:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickneſſe pines the clime:
My wife to France, from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.
Queene And must we be diuided: must we part?
King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene Banish vs both, and send the king with mee.
King That were some loue, but little pollicie.
Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe,
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better far off then neere be nere the neere,
Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.
King Twise for one step ile groane, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come come in wooing sorow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe,
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy hearr:
Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane,
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *exeunt.*

Du. My Lord you told me you would tell the reſt, *Enter duke of Yorke and the ducheſſe.*
When weeping made you breake the ſtory
Of our two Coosins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Du. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,
Where rude miſgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richards head.

Yorke Then (as I ſayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hotte and fierie ſteede,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeemde to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cride, God ſaue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the verie windowes ſpake:
So many greedie lookes of yong and old,
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage, and that al the wals
With painted imagery had ſayd at once,
Ieſu preſerue the welcome Bullingbrooke.
Whilſt he from the one ſide to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proude ſteedes necke
Beſpake them thus, I thanke you countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſſt along.

Du. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilſt?

Yorke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a wel graced Actor leaues the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen ſo, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did ſcoule on gentle Richard, no man cried, God ſaue him,
No ioyful tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne vpon his ſacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtil combating with teares and ſmiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for ſome ſtrong purpoſe ſteeld
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce haue melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe haue pittied him,

But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose hie will wee bound our calme contents,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.
Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.
Yorke Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealtie to the newe made King.
Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lappe of the new come spring.
Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke Wel, beare you wel in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.
York What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.
Yorke No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
Yorke Which for some reasons sir I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
Du. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
Yorke Bound to himselfe, what doth hee with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole,
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

Yorke Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, slaue.
Du. What is the matter my Lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what trechery is here?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke Peace foolish woman.
Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
Yorke Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King,
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sons? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name,
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke Thou fond madde woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him here,
Then what is that to him?
Yorke Away fond woman, were he twentie times my son,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull,
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyal to thy bed,

He plucks it out of his bosome and reades it.

His man enters with his bootes.

And

And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:
Sweete Yorke, ſweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like mee or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke Make way vntuly woman. *Exit.*

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spur, poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere hee do accuſe thee.
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke,
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tel me of my vnthriftie ſonne?
Tis full three moneths ſince I did ſee him laſt;
If any plague hang ouer vs tis hee,
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongſt the Tauernes there,
For there they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our paſſengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to ſupport ſo diſſolute a crew.

H. Percie My Lord, ſome two daies ſince I ſaw the prince,
And told him of thoſe triumphs held at Oxford.

King And what ſaide the gallant?

Percie His anſwere was, he would to the ſtewes,
And from the commoneſt creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtreſt Challenger.

King H. As diſſolute as deſperate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (ſo wildly.

King H. What meanes our cooſin that he ſtares and looks

Aum. God ſaue your grace, I do beſeech your maieſtie,
To haue ſome conference with your grace alone.

King

King. Withdrawe your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cooſen nowe?
Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon ere I riſe or ſpeake,
King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it be
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy deſire.
Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy ſelfe, *The duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.*
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy preſence there.
King. Vilain Ile make thee ſafe, (feare
Aum. Stay thy reuengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to
Yorke. Open the dore, ſecure foole, hardie King,
Shal I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the dore, or I wil breake it open.
King. What is the matter vncle, ſpeake, recouer breath,
Tel vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?
Yor. Peruſe this writing heere, and thou ſhalt know,
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhew.
Aum. remember as thou readſt, thy promiſe paſt,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe,
I tore from the traitors boſome (King,)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, leſt thy pittie proue
A Serpent that wil ſting thee to the hart.
King. O heynous, ſtrong, and bolde conſpiracy;
O loyal Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou ſheere immaculate and ſiluer Fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defilde himſelfe,
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad:
And thy aboundant goodnes ſhall excuſe

This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
Yor. So shal my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he shal spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamde life in his dishonour lies,
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true mans put to death.
Du. What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.
King H. What shril voice suppliant makes this eger crie?
Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.
King Our scene is altred from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.
Yorke If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone will al the rest confound.
Du. Oh king, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?
Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
King H. Rise vp good aunt.
Du. Not yet I thee beseech.
For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.
Yroke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill maist thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Du. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast,

He

He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide,
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe I know,
Our knees ſtill kneele til to the ground they grow.
His prayers are ful of falſe hipocriſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,
Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King Good aunt ſtand vp.
Du. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say pardon firſt, and afterwards, ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſtword of thy ſpeach,
I neuer longd to heare a word til now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete,
No word like pardon for Kings mouthes ſo meete.
Yorke Speake it in French, King ſay, Pardonne moy.
Du. Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the word:
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand,
Thine eie begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may mooue thee pardon to reheatſe.
King H. Good aunt ſtand vp.
Du. I do not ſue to ſtand.
Pardon is al the ſute I haue in hand.
King I pardon him as God ſhall pardon me.
Du Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee,
Yet am I ſicke for feare. ſpeake it againe,
Twice ſaying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
King H. I pardon him with al my heart.
Du. A god on earth thou art.
King H. But for our truſty brother in law and the Abbot,

With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vnckle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhal not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I wil haue them if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cooſin adew,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Exeunt.

Du. Come my old ſonne, I pray God make thee new

Manet ſir Pierce Exton, &c.

Exton Didſt thou not marke the K. what words he ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?

Man Theſe were his very words.

Exton Haue I no friends quoth he: he ſpake it twice.
And vrgd it twice togither, did he not?

Man He did.

Exton And ſpeaking it, he wiſhtly lookt on mee,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wert the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue beene ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,
My braine Ile prooue, the female to my ſoule,
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtil-breeding thoughts:
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe,
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the poſterne of a ſmal needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot

Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last like seely beggars.
Who sitting in the stockes refuge their shame,
That haue many, and others must set there.
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one prison many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
Then treasons make me wish my selfe a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penurie
Perswades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shal be pleasde, till he be easde,
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare, *the musike plaies*
Ha ha keepe time, how sowre sweete Musicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the musike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintinesse of eare
To checke time broke in disordered string:
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke,
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eies the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt
Is pointing stil, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tells what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and groanes,

Which is the bel, to sighs, and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrookes proud ioye,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke.
This musicke mades me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holp mad men to their witts,
In me it seemes it wil make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
For tis a signe of loue: and loue to Richard,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Groome. Haile royal Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble peare:
The cheapest of vs is ten gortes too deare.
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that sad dog,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue.

Enter a groom of the stable

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy stable King,
When thou wert King: who trauailing towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes roial masters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart when I beheld,
In London streetes that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tel me gentle friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdaind the ground.

Ric. So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble, would he not fal downe,
Since pride must haue a fal, and breake the necke,
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes horse why do I raile on thee?
Since thou created to be awed by man,
Wast borne to beare; I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
Spurrde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Keeper.

Keeper Fellow, giue place, here is no longer stay. *Enter one to Richa. with meat.*
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groome What my tong dares not, that my heart shal say
Keeper My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Piercie of Exton,
Who lately came from the King commands the contrary. *Exit Groom*
Rich. The diuel take Henry of Lancaster, and thee,
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keeper Helpe, helpe, helpe.
Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault? *The murderers rush in.*
Villaine thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hel.
Rich. That hand shal burne in neuer quenching fire, *Here Exton strikes him down.*
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings bloud staind the kings owne land,
Mount mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward here to die.
Exton As ful of valure, as of royall bloud:
Both haue I spilld, Oh would the deede were good,
For now the diuell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
This dead King to the liuing king Ile beare,
Take hence the rest and giue them burial here. *Enter Bullbrooke with the duke of Yorke.*
King Kind vncle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne of Ciceter in Glocestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine we heare not;
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes? *Enter Northumberland.*
North. First to thy sacred state wish I al happinesse,
The next newes is, I haue to London sent,
The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent,
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper here.
King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines, *Enter Lord Fitzwaters.*
And to thy woorth wil adde right worthie gaines.
Fitz. My Lord I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heades of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitours,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King

King Thy paines Fitz.shal not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.
Enter H. Percie. *Percie* The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride,
King Carleil, this is your doome,
Choose out some secret place, some reuerent roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife,
For though mine enemie thou hast euer beene,
High sparks of honour in thee haue I seene.
Enter Exton with the Coffin. *Exton* Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buryed feare: herein al breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
King Exton I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of slaughter with thy fatal hand,
Vpon my head and al this famous land.
Exton From your owne mouth my Lord did I this deed.
king They loue not poison that do poison neede,
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour,
With Caine go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords I protest my soule is ful of woe,
That bloud should sprinckle me to make mee grow:
Come mourne with mee, for what I do lament,
And put on sullein blacke incontinent,
Ile make a voyage to the holy land,
To wash this bloud off from my guilty hand,
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.